

All a Mistake.

How It Happened.

She had met him at the door with a loving kiss, but a moment later, when they had taken seats in the parlor, she rapidly removed the six engagement rings he had given her and handed them over with the remark:

"Mr. Samuel X. Johnsing, Ize frew wid yo' and yo'r deceit, and yo' can consider our engagement dun busted in two!"

"W-what?" he gasped as the jewelry dropped from his trembling hand and great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. "Haint yo' my true lub no mo'?"

"No, sah!" she replied coldly. "A man may deceive his lady once, but the second time she's wifine to desert her self!"

"B-but, muh angel," he stammered, "who's bin puttin' dis trash in yo'r sweet head 'bout me deceivin' yo'?"

"No one, sah. I dun seen de hull thing wid my own two eyes!"

"B-but how'd I do it, muh lubbly dream-how'd I do it?"

"Mr. Johnsing," she answered, "Ize mighty young-mighty innocent, and as trustin' as a Spring chicken, but Ize got eyes and saw yo' wipin' off dat kiss I stowed on yo' as yo' come in dis evenin'!"

"I-I neebber did, muh!"

"Dis am de second time yo' dune dat low down trick, sah, and I can neebber trust yo' no mo'. Huh! and only lass night yo' said dose kisses was dearest to yo' dan pigs' feet!"

"B-but—"

"And den yo' wipe 'em off as if dey was dirt! Mr. Johnsing, leab me while I shed bitter tears over my pore broken heart!"

"He had been doing a deal of thinking while she was talking, and there was a look of injured innocence on his face as he stood up and said:

"Miss Smiff, sometimes things haint jess what dey seem, and dis am one of de times. Stead of wipin' off dose kisses yo' speak of I was jess rubbin' dem in 'kase dey was so sweet!"

And then the cold look disappeared from Miss "Smiff's" face, the engagement rings were hunted up and restored to her fingers, and the love-making that went on in that room during the next hour could have been heard a block away.

An Embarrassing Mistake.

THE DEAR CHILD—Oh, Mrs. Brown, when did you get back?

MRS. BROWN—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?

THE DEAR CHILD—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at Loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

On with the Dance.

CARL DEUTCH—Mine gracious! Shudge, vat you say? You fine dot Irishman only \$3 already, und now you fine me \$5. Vat you call dot, shustice?

JUSTICE O'GRADY—No, that's just our new figure for the German.

The Difference.

JONES—What is a counsellor at law?

BROWN—An attorney of a couple of months practice.

JONES—Well, what is an attorney?

BROWN—A lawyer of a couple of years practice.

JONES—What, then, is a lawyer?

BROWN—Oh, a man who has been practising law for a couple of generations.

A Doubtful Experiment.

SHE, to her girl chum: "Yes, I accepted Reginald last night, Evelyn."

"Why, Gladys, you astonish me. You know you always said he was so awfully dissipated, and that his manners were extremely rude and common."

"Yes, I realize all that, but still I really think I am in love with him. And I feel confident that my modest influence will lead him aright, and will cause him to reform his morals and refine his personality."

HE, to his intimate friend: "I want to make a confidant of you, old man. I was accepted by Gladys Primly last night."

"Why, my dear fellow, allow me to offer you my most hearty congratulations. But I always understood that you thought her so straitlaced, and I am sure that I have heard you say that she cast a regular pall over any attempt at mirthfulness."

"Yes, that's so; but then when we are married, you know, and get to understand one another, why I feel confident that she will take life less seriously. Of course you can smile, old chap, but marriage broadens the mind of a woman considerably, and I wager you will be astonished at the difference in her."

SHE—Who was it that said a woman's best friend was her dressmaker?

HE—Probably the dressmaker.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.



WEARY WAGGLES—Kin I see the lady of the house?
BRIDGET—No; she's engaged.
WEARY WAGGLES—That won't make any difference. I don't want ter marry her.

the other fellers?

"Wish I could! What caused the trouble?"

"The touchiness of the groom. Some people are so gosh-blamed peppery that they fly up at nuthin! Tell you how it was. You see, I used to sorter set up alongside of the young lady who was married last night. I stirred her maw's soft soap an' let her paw heat me in hoss trades an' shot up two or three fellers that came peroxin' around thar—in fact, I thought I was High Kack with the whole family. But wimmen-folks is fickle, an' the young lady shook me an' took up with another feller. An' then, to rub it in on me, she invited me to be best man at the weddin'."

"Wal, I reckon I proved to the satisfaction of everybody present that if I wasn't the best man thar I was jess about as good as any of 'em! Things went along as smooth as you please till the preacher asked, 'Who giveth this yere woman away?' an' I says, alimn' to show that I didn't hold no hard feelin's:

"I reckon I could, but I haint that mean!"

"An' then we had it! The groom an' the bride's father an' several other kin-folks an' well-wishers came at me like I was a long-lost step-son, an' I tended to 'em as well as I could as fast as they got to me. While it lasted it was as pretty a little affair as I ever had the pleasure of bein' mixed up in, an' I reckon I'd have been on the top of the heap an' don' all the crown' if it hadn't been that the bride's mother flung a skillet of scaldin' water on me with a deftness born of long practice, as they say in stories. I came away then. I may look sorter tore up to-day, an' all that, but, as I said before, you ort to see the rest of 'em!"

A Sarcasitic Papa.

FATHER (upstairs)—What time is it down there?

MAMIE (down in the parlor)—Just 10 by the clock, papa.

FATHER—All right. Don't forget to start the clock again when the young man leaves.

An Adage Astray.

"Stolen fruit might taste the sweetest," muttered De Tragique, as he hastily strode from the stage, "but I do wish my admirers wouldn't fling poached eggs at me."

Too Much Learning.

"Shure, Casey," said O'Honey, as they sat on the curbstone with one of O'Brien's good pints between them, "edification dux lots for a man."

"I dunno," replied Casey, "O! think it hurts his chances. Do you suppose that Callihan would put an edicated man on the gang an' let him climb the ladder wid a hod? Devil a bit."

"Besides," Casey continued, "it makes a mon unsatisfied wid his circumstances. I started in meself once to approve me mind, an' I studied astrognoimby."

"How's that?" asked O'Honey in evident admiration.

"The study av stars, to be sure," Casey said. "An' phwat did yez learn?" O'Honey queried. "I was readin' about that beautiful green star called Mars," said Casey, "an' I learned that things weighed just half up there as what they do down here, an' it set me a wishin' I was livin' up there an' carryin' me thirty-pound hod wid a weight av only fifteen. An' just think av it, O'Honey, up there a mon could get twice as drunk as down here, as a load would only weigh half as much, an' he could easily carry double."

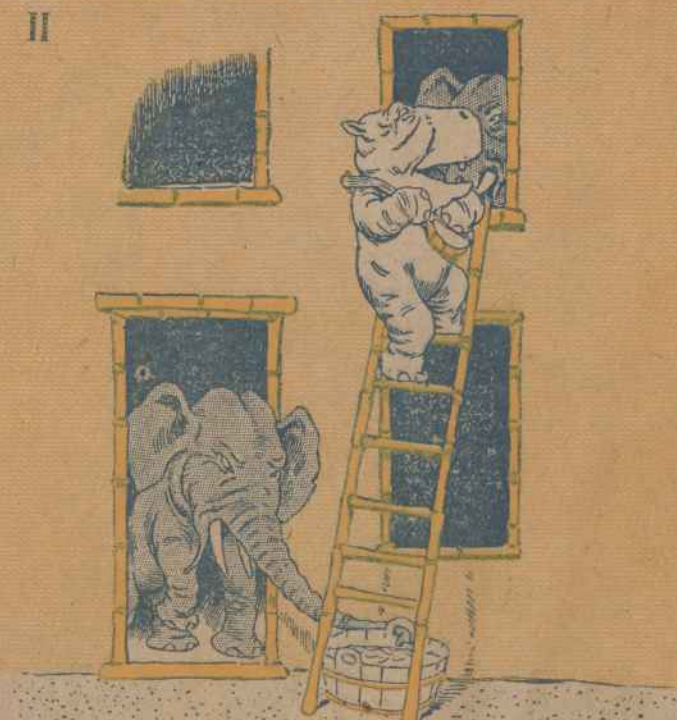
"Ah!" Casey sighed, "it would be glorious. Well, all this made me so down on me luck here that O! stopp'd me edification roight there for fear O'd learn somethin' else to make me dissatisfied."

And with a deep sigh Casey shouldered his heavy hod.

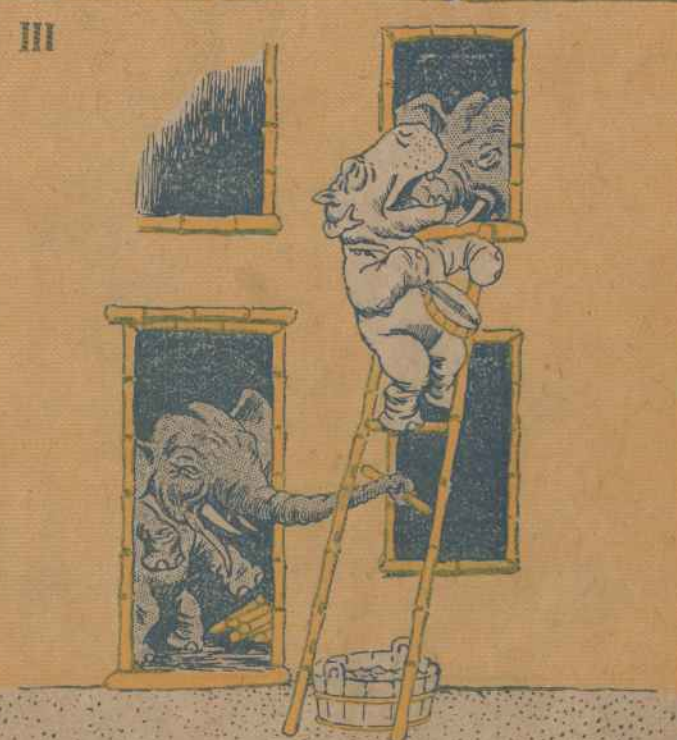
LOVE IN THE JUNGLE.



Mr Hippo resorts to strategy and a ladder in order to visit his sweetheart.



But the hard headed father discovers the ruse and makes —



Arrangements for the —



Downfall of the Wooer.

A Stranger.

She was a decidedly pretty girl, and evidently a stranger to the neighborhood, judging by the hesitating manner in which she entered the drug store and stood before the counter. She seemed to feel her strangeness, for there was an apparent yearning look in her eyes for association as she sweetly smiled at the clerk who came to attend her.

"What can I do for you, miss?" he asked, smiling in return. His wife had, that morning, presented him with a son and heir, and he felt on particularly good terms with himself and the world at large.

"You can give me a package of Quellin's Food for Babies, if you please," was the answer, the continued smile, if anything, partaking of an extra dash of saccharine leavening.

With thoughts of his own son and a self-buzzing through his cerebrum cells, this became interesting.

"New arrival?" he inquired confidentially. "Quite a stranger," was the answer.

"Doing well?" She looked at him quickly, but seeing nothing upon his guileless features but a look of interest, she took it as a friendly advance and smilingly said:

"So far."

The drug clerk fidgeted a moment with the package in his hand, then with a trifle of embarrassment asked:

"Boy or a girl?"

The smile vanished and she flashed a look of indignation upon him that would have withered up a man less absorbed in his new blessings.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Is there anything in my appearance suggestive of a disguised criminal, or do you take me for one of those bifurcated monstrosities in bloomers, whose sex is a matter of speculation to their own relations and a nineteenth century study to the world? I'm a respectable nurse girl, and I scorn your imputation."

And snatching up the package of baby food, she flounced out of the store, leaving the clerk to ponder over the mutability of things human and smiles in particular.

His View of It.

REV. THIRDLY—Now, Tommie, what will you be when you grow up?

TOMMIE—I don't know, but I won't be a saloon keeper anyway.

REV. THIRDLY—Ah, there's a little man! Now, why wouldn't you be a saloon keeper?

TOMMIE—Cos they hev ter keep too quiet on Sundays for me.

She Had a Chance.

"Can he recover, doctor?" asked the woman whose husband had been hurt in a railway accident.

"I fear not, madam," replied the doctor, "but you can. You should get at least \$20,000 from the company."

Their Location.

MRS. MURRIHIL—Why, Bridget, that is the third vase you have let fall this month. How can you be so stupid? Where are your faculties, girl?

BRIDGET (puzzled, but for a second only)—Paddy Dillon has 'em, mum!

Dancer in Ideals.

"She will make me happy. She's an ideal housekeeper."

"Take care, my boy. Marry a practical one and be happier still."

Cause for Suspicion.

DRUMMER—Who was that pale, discouraged looking man who just passed by?

SQUAM CORNERS MERCHANT—That was Lawyer Hooks. He used to be considered one of the shrewdest attorneys in this part of the State, but he made a mistake a year ago last Christmas which destroyed his prestige and ruined his reputation.

"Ah! What was it?" "When the holidays came on he gave every poor family in town a big, fat turkey. That might seem a good and charitable act, but it is all according to how you look at it. As soon as the news got spread around and people had thought it all over, it was such an unprecedented act for a lawyer that, for want of any other way of accounting for it, they came to the conclusion that he had been stealing all these years and that an accusing conscience had driven him to give some of his ill-gotten gains to charity. And everybody got so afraid of him that his business was completely ruined."

Not Gilt-Edged Security.

FIRST KANSAN—I tell you, a man can't build a thing out here but what there'll be a mortgage on it about as soon as it's done.

SECOND KANSAN—They don't put mortgages on anything I build.

FIRST KANSAN—What have you built?

SECOND KANSAN—Castles in the air.

His Wandering Nerve.

"Stranger," said the old fellow—a typical Arkansas mountaineer whom I encountered on the rough mountain road—"stranger, I've bin workin' up yere fer the last six months without seein' a feller-critter or a newspaper in all that time, and I'd be mighty thankful for the news of the kentry—jest the important news."

When we had lighted our pipes and taken a seat on a log by the roadside I began on the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute, but he interrupted me with:

"Stranger, is any of our boys mixed up in this dispute?"

"Oh, no," I replied with a smile, "you see—"

"Wall, I don't keer anything about it then."

I started on the Cuban trouble, and was giving him, as I thought, some startling news, when he broke in:

"My ole woman wont be in this furse, will she, stranger?"

"Why, certainly not, only—"

"Then I reckon it haint o' much account. What towns have yo' cum through on yo'r trip?"

I named over some of the places I had stopped in over night, and then he asked:

"Wall, when you were in Beebe was ole Perkins still feudin' with ole Davis?"

"Not that I heard of," I answered.

"Didn't hear whether the widder Jenkins, in Grayville, was hitched yet, did yo'?"

"No, I didn't."

"Have they hung ole man Hunt, did they tell yo', when you were in Summerville?"

"No, they didn't mention his name to me."

He continued his questioning for about five minutes longer, but when I couldn't even tell him if Lem White's dog, in Huntsville, had been licked yet he gave it up, and there was a look of deep disgust on his face as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said:

"This dawg-goned kentry seems to have gone to sleep since I've bin up yere, fur if there'd bin anythin' goin' on yo'd certainly have heard of it. Sho! but if this state o' things keeps on the newspapers will bust up fur want o' news! Wall, s'long, stranger. I'm goin' back to town purty soon, and I'll put a leetle life in these United States if I have to pick a furse with the ole woman herself!"

A Family Reunion.

"Your husband died a year ago? You must miss him greatly."

"Not so much. His mother throws a cup at my head occasionally now."

Spoke Too Soon.

"You really made this cake? Well, if you should make such cake as my mother used to make I—"

"There, I thought it would come! I wish I were dead!"

"—would never eat it at all."

Beyond the Pale.

M'SCORCHER—Wobbles and his wife seem very pleasant people. Why have you cut their acquaintance?

CHOLLY—Had to, deah boy. How could a fella of my standing associate with people who are still riding '96 wheels?

Mrs. Enpeck's Bicycle.

WHEELER—Wheeling gets to be an old story with some people. Does your wife care for her bicycle now?

ENPECK (sighing)—No; she makes me.

Was It Loaded?

My wife has become timid about my being out after dark ever since one of our neighbors was sandbagged, and so she presented me with a dainty little revolver and bade me be sure and carry it in my nocturnal rambles. I laughed the whole thing off as perfect nonsense, but of course gave in at last for the sake of pleasing her, and the other evening sure enough a rascally looking fellow brushed up against me as I was passing down a poorly lighted side street, and when I almost unconsciously put my hand up to my necktie the diamond pin that had been my birthday gift was gone. Quick as a wink I ran back and caught hold of the fellow, who had luckily not taken to his heels, and putting the diminutive gun to one of his eyes told him to "hand over that diamond pin as quick as he knew how or I would blow his brains out." Without daring to answer a word he did so. When I reached home I told my better half all about the little adventure, and commended her thoughtfulness in providing me with the firearm. At the same time I gleefully exhibited the recovered gem.

"Why, John," she cried nervously, "I was so afraid that you would lose your diamond pin that I took it out of your necktie when you kissed me good-by this morning."

"When you proposed did she answer 'Nitt'?"

"Nops. She answered 'Knot.'"

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.



STERN PARENT—How dare you kiss my daughter, sir, and right under my very nose!

ENAMORED YOUTH—Under YOUR nose!

of," I answered.

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